

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 30. — VOL. XVII

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1805

NO. 864.

EMMA; OR A TALE OF WOE.

(Abridged from Mrs. Crespigny's letters to her son.)

FOUNDED ON FACT.

THOUGH the remorse which attends the practice of seduction, to minds of sensibility, is of the severest kind, yet the passions of youth, and the prevalence of fashion, reconcile even the amiable to this most cruel of all crimes. The education which is bestowed upon young men of rank and fortune, instead of teaching them that their elevated situations require that they should set an example to those who are born to an inferior state, actually seems to give a peculiar license to them, for the indulgence of those passions which it is their duty to subdue. The religion of the great, seems a different code of doctrines, to that which is instilled into the inferior order of mankind; an unbounded scope is given to those impetuous feelings which actually place the man upon a level with the brute. To deceive the innocent, to impose upon the unsuspecting, is seldom represented to them, as a crime against religion and morality, and they are permitted to entail misery upon all the near connections of an artless young female, without being accused of having broken through laws both human and divine.

Mrs. Crespigny, in her letters to her son, which have recently been published, but which evidently were written several years ago, after expiating on the wickedness of the crime of seduction, endeavors to impress her observations upon the subject, by the following tale, which she assures him is strictly authentic; though, in delicacy to the young man's family, she has given him a fictitious name.

Mr. Abbot was the only son of a Baronet in Devonshire: Fortune had bestowed upon him wealth, Nature had blest him with parts; his person was attractive, his manners were insinuating, and he possessed a susceptible heart. At a short distance from the splendid mansion of Sir James Abbot, lived the widow of a purser in the navy, who was left in rather an embarrassed state. A lady, of the name of Benville, was god-mother to her youngest daughter, and bestowed the same pains upon her education, as if she had been her own. Miss Benville, who was many years older than the lovely Emma, felt the highest pleasure in instructing her in those accomplishments she herself had acquired; and she spent a larger portion of time with her god-mother, than she did at home. It was at this lady's house that Mr. Abbot first beheld the too attractive Emma: the desire of possessing so much perfection, fired him with delight; but to marry a girl in so inferior a situation, was too great a difficulty for pride to overcome.

As the friend of Miss Benville, he obtained an introduction to Emma's mother, who perceived the passion he felt for her child, and, ignorant of the world, entertained no apprehensions, but flattered herself with the hope that Emma would be his wife. The inexperienced girl was no less gratified by his attentions: her susceptible bosom soon owned him for its lord; and when he saw that his assiduities had completely enga-

ged her affections, he made her an offer of his hand, and heart. Still, however, he informed her, that their marriage must be private, and that even her mother must not be intrusted with his design, as she might inform Sir James of his intentions, who wished him to marry a lady of rank. The indisposition of a near relation obliged the mother of Emma to leave her family; and to this unfortunate girl was intrusted the care of the house. This was a favorable event for the lover, who now had every opportunity granted him of urging his suit. In the country, he informed her, it would be impossible to keep their marriage private; but in London it could be performed without any fear. For a considerable time she withstood all his persuasions; but at length he declared, if she persisted in her refusal, he would never behold her again. What persuasion could never obtain, the fear of losing him accomplished. In an evil hour the too credulous Emma consented to accompany him to town: he took lodgings for her in Bloomsbury, treated her with an increase of respectful attention, and resided himself at his father's house.

The marriage ceremony was delayed under various pretences; the most plausible was, the probability of obtaining his father's consent; and the youth and inexperience of this artless girl, prevented her seeing the impropriety of her being supported by a young man. She considered herself as his wife, which he had so often sworn to make her; and he never attempted to infringe upon the rules which delicacy required; but at length his visits began to be less frequent, and the most poignant affliction took possession of her heart. This was an artful manoeuvre, merely to rouse her apprehensions, and make her the more easy victim to his designs. At length he was absent four days from her; when he appeared, she fainted at his sight. Of a stupefying potion he had long been in possession, to administer as occasion required. This he mixed in a glass of wine and water, and implored her to drink it, as soon as she was brought to recollection and life. Pretended indisposition was the excuse for his absence; this the too credulous Emma believed; but the powerful drug soon began to operate, and the treacherous and designing Abbot carried her to bed.

To describe the extent of her misery, when she awoke the next morning, would require the pen of a more able writer to paint; language becomes faint, in such a situation; and imagination can scarcely picture the horrors of her mind! A violent fever was the consequence of the agitation she suffered: the destroyer of her honour she refused to behold: at length, however, he so far pleaded his excuses by letters, that he once more obtained an interview. The moment she was recovered, he protested he would marry her; but this recovery, as he expected, was tedious and slow: hope, however, again animated the heart of Emma, and she was at length enabled to quit her room.

The conflicting passions of Mr. Abbot were now put to a severe trial: his father had provided him with a wife; and the accomplished daughter of Lord Belmont possessed too many attractions for any disengaged young man to re-

fuse. To birth and fortune, were united sense and beauty; the versatile heart of Abbot acknowledged their power; but how to get rid of the unfortunate Emma, was a difficulty not to be easily overcome. Again he determined not to visit her so frequently, conceiving that she might be induced to resent the treatment she received; when, just as she was recovering from her alarming illness, the servant informed her an elderly gentleman requested to see her alone.

The beauty of her person, the modest diffidence of her manners, struck the venerable stranger as soon as he entered the room; and, after the usual ceremonies of a first introduction, an evident embarrassment was depicted in his face. After a silence having been observed by both the parties, and each feeling extremely confused, at length, after some hesitation, he enquired if a gentleman of the name of Abbot did not visit at the house?—

The agitation of Emma, at this unexpected question from a stranger, was strongly depicted in her expressive face, and with faltering accents she replied in the affirmative, whilst the tear of apprehension started into her eyes.

"Your appearance, madam," said the person who had excited this emotion, "is a contradiction to the story which I have heard; yet it was communicated to me from such unquestionable authority, that, until I beheld you, I did not entertain a doubt. Forgive, I entreat, this apparent impertinent curiosity; and have the goodness to tell me whether Mr. Abbot ever made any professions of a tender nature to you." Emma had by this time regained a sufficient degree of composure to ask by what authority he was entitled to make such a demand; for, considering him in the light of an intire stranger, she did not think he was authorized to interfere in her affairs. "I would wish to satisfy myself, without wounding your feelings, madam," replied the stranger, in a soft but decided tone of voice "yet, if Mr. Abbot has deceived you with professions of attachment, he is a villain, as he is in a few days to be united to my child, he is the betrothed husband of Lady Jane Belmont: and it is her father by whom you are addressed. Now, my dear young lady, I hope you will pardon my intrusion, and tell me if I can have the happiness of proving myself your friend. Abbot, surely, cannot have deceived you—if he has, he is a villain indeed!" "Oh! yes! yes!" was all the wretched Emma could answer, at the same time bursting into a violent flood of tears. As soon as she was a little recovered from the shock this intelligence had given her, she put a variety of questions to the Earl; and the answers she received, were calculated to convince her of the baseness, and depravity of her lover's heart.

Upon taking leave, his Lordship promised to see her again in the course of a few days: but the moment she was left alone, she formed the resolution of quitting London on the following night. Grief, despair, shame, and disappointment, by turns agitated the wretched Emma's mind: yet the fondness with which she had ab-

ways been treated by her mother, convinced her, that she should still afford an asylum to her wretched and undone child. Still she wished to know whether what she had heard was authentic; for scarcely could she believe Abbot was capable of acting so treacherous a part. The servant, however, who lived with her, knew the person of Lord Belmont; and when that was identified, she could no longer admit a doubt.

Every article of dress, which she had received from the faithless Abbot, she very properly determined to leave behind; and, after writing the following letter, which she left upon her dressing room table, she ordered the servant to call her a hackney-coach; and, upon getting into it, she informed him she should return in a few hours.

(To be Continued.)

MUSIC.

PULLEAN, an instrument maker, at Moscow, in Russia, has invented a curious musical instrument, called *Orchestra*, which has been heard in the different theatres in Russia, with great applause. It has the same effect upon the audience as a well composed orchestra of 100 select musicians. He has obtained from the Emperor of Russia an exclusive privilege for ten years, and intends to travel with it, and visit the principal towns and cities in Europe.

ANECDOTES.

SOME time after the conclusion of the late war, a young American was present in a British theatre, where an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. A number of American officers being introduced in tattered uniforms and bare foot, the question was put to them severally—what was your trade before you entered into the army? One answered a taylor, another a cobbler, &c.—the wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themselves clothed and shod; but before that could be expressed, the American exclaimed from the gallery, "Great Britain beaten by taylor and cobblers! *Buzza!*" Even the prime minister, who was present, could not help smiling, amidst a general peal of laughter.

A PHYSICIAN had a skeleton so fixed, that on entering the room a spring was touched, when, in an instant, it grasped the person entering. An Irishman (a stranger) called on the doctor for some medical aid, and was shewn into the room where the skeleton was, which seized him in a moment. O, J—s! bawled out Pat, nearly frightened to distraction; when lifting up his fist to defend himself, and seeing a ghastly figure of bones disengaging itself, he flew from the house like lightning. A few days after, meeting the doctor, (who might with propriety be called a walking skeleton) coming out of his own house, "Av, my honey (said he) are you there? You think I'm after being mistaken now, with your clothes on!—Then seizes the doctor by the throat, and bestowing a few hearty thwacks, together with repeated curses, "take that (says he) for the sweat you gave me t'other day."

ALEXANDER the great seeing Diogenes look attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the Philosopher, "what he was looking for?" "That which I cannot find—the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

A FAREWELL ELEGY

TO THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

*WITH burning bosom and with tearful eyes,
Scenes of my youth! I bid you all farewell!
The sunny hill that seems to prop the skies,
The opening glade and broomwood blossom'd vale!*

*Much lov'd Retreats! where, in life's morn scene,
And heedless of its flight, I oft stray'd,
Mark'd the wild flowers that chequer'd all the scene,
Or listen'd to the music of the shade;—*

*Where I could wander yet with new delight,
Would Fate, indulgent, listen to my prayer,
Pipe in the grove, or scale the mountain's height,
And think no shades so cool, no fields so fair.*

*But Heav'n's high fiat is that we must part,
And I obey!—but as I turn to go,
A tide of tenderness comes o'er my heart,
Sighs swell my breast, and tears my eyes o'erflow.*

*Here then, all melancholy, let me stop,
And fix my gaze, and look my last adieu;
Mourn my unhappy destiny, and drop
A tear of sorrow o'er the sad review.—*

*Ah! then, farewell all that my soul holds dear!
Already far from your lov'd haunts I stray,
Without one gladning beam of joy to cheer,
Or guide a weary wand'rer on his way.—*

THE

SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

*TOSS'D on the billows of th' impetuous sea,
The sailor strives, in vain, his bark to save;
Whilst o'er his head the forked lightnings flee,
And mountains high appears the foaming wave.*

*Far in the west has fled the light of day,
And the dread hue of darkness spreads the main;
No cheering star illumines his cloudy way,
And fast descends, in sheets, the pelting rain.*

*The surge and sky in one dread chaos seem;
Wak'd are the angry spirits of the deep,
Which, o'er the water's surface, fiercely skim,
And rouse the rattling Thunder from his sleep.*

*In vain the sailor every effort tries,
He sinks within the black abyss, no more to rise!*

THE EXILE'S RETURN

*O Woods of green Erin! sweet, sweet was the breeze,
That rustled long since thro' your wide-spreading trees
And sweet was the flow of your waters, so clear
And precious my cabin, the home of my dear!
For when through your groves, by your waters I
walk,
And with Norah, of love, and of happiness talk:
While calm as the moonlight that silver'd your charms,
My child, softly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms.*

*But now that I visit thee, Erin! again,
Tho' years have pass'd o'er me, they've pass'd me in
vain;*

*Thy woods, and thy lakes, and thy mountains no more
Can renew such fond thrills as they kindled before.
Still green are thy mountains, still green are thy groves,
Still tranquil the water my sad spirit loves;
But dark is my love, and wild, wild its trees wave,
For my wife and my baby are dust in the grave!!*

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

SENTIMENTS.

OF all the pleasures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature than those that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love.

When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal sincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a transport that is inconceivable to all but those who are in this situation:—hence arises that heart-enobbling solicitude for one another's welfare, that tender sympathy which alleviates affliction, and that participated pleasure which heightens prosperity and joy itself.

A good wife makes the cares of the world sit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasures: she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his only friend in adversity; the carefullest preserver of his health, and the kindest attendant on his sickness; a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager in all his domestic affairs.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband.

A married woman should not be desirous of attracting the eyes of any man but those of her husband.

He that allows himself to taste those pleasures which he denies his wife, acts like a man who would enjoin his wife to oppose those enemies to whom he has already surrendered.

EXAMPLE.

LEONIDAS, King of Sparta, suspecting a conspiracy was formed against him, fled to the temple of Minerva for shelter, whereupon Cleombrotus, his son-in-law, seized the government. When Leonidas was informed of this, he made his escape, taking his daughter along with him, who chose rather to fly with her father than to reign with her husband. Sometime after, Leonidas being restored to the throne, he advanced at the head of a band of soldiers to the temple, where Cleombrotus, upon the change of affairs, had himself fled for refuge. He there reproached him with great warmth for assuming the regal power, in violation of the ties of affinity between them, and for expelling him from his own country in so ignominious a manner. Cleombrotus, who had nothing to answer to these reproaches, continued seated in a profound silence, and with an aspect which sufficiently testified his confusion. His wife Cleonida stood near with her two children at her feet. She had been equally unfortunate as a wife and a daughter; but was equally faithful in each of those capacities, and had always adhered to the unfortunate side. All those who were then present, melted into tears at so moving a sight, and were struck with admiration at the virtue and tenderness of Cleonida and the amiable force of conjugal love. The unfortunate princess, pointing to her mourning habit and dishevelled tresses, "Believe me, O my father!" said she, "this habit of woe which I now wear, this dejection which now appears in my countenance, and these sorrows into which you see me sunk, are not the effects of that compassion I entertain for Cleombrotus;—but the sad remains of my affliction for the calamities you sustained in your flight from Sparta. On what, alas! shall I now resolve? While you reign for the future in Sparta, and triumph over the enemies who opposed you, shall I continue to live in the desolate state to which you see me reduced? Or, is it my duty to array myself in robes of royalty and magnificence, when I be-

hold the husband I received from you in the flower of my youth, on the point of perishing by your dagger? Should he be unable to disarm your resentment, and move your soul to compassion by the tears of his wife and children, permit me to assure you that he will be punished with more severity for his imprudence, than was ever intended by yourself, when he shall see a wife so dear to him, expiring at his feet;—for are not to think that in my present condition I will ever consent to outlive him. What appearance shall I make among the Spartan ladies after my inability to inspire my husband with compassion for my father, or to soften my father into pity for my husband? What indeed shall I appear to them, but a daughter and a wife, always afflicted and condemned by her nearest relations?" Chelodina, at the conclusion of these words, reclined her cheek on that of Cleombrutus; while her eyes, that spoke her sorrow in her tears, she cast a languid look on those who were present.

Leonidas, after a few moments discourse with his friends, ordered Cleombrutus to rise, and immediately to quit Sparta; but earnestly importuned his daughter to continue there, and not to forsake a father who gave her such a peculiar proof of tenderness as to spare the life of her husband. His solicitations were ineffectual; and the moment Cleombrutus rose from his seat, she placed one of her children in his arms, and clasped the other in her own, and when she had offered up her prayers to the goddess, and kissed the altar, she became a voluntary exile with her husband.

How extremely affecting was this spectacle, and how worthy the admiration of all ages is such a model of conjugal affection! If the heart of Cleombrutus, says Plutarch, was not entirely depraved by vain glory, and a boundless ambition to reign, he would have been sensible that even banishment itself, with so virtuous a companion, was a condition preferable to the condition of a sovereign.

The following Song is from the pen of the justly celebrated WILLIAM HALEY; it is introduced into his poem, TRIUMPH OF MUSIC, and seems to evince that he is himself "a mighty master of pathetic song."

BY a tomb that held his treasure,
All his filial pride and pleasure,
Thus a father mourn'd his child;
"Leave, ah! leave me to my sorrow!
"Dark my day, and dark my morrow;
"Life is now a dreary wild!
"Hope forsook me,
"Mis'ry took me,
"When in death my darling smil'd?"

Ere his plaint of woe was ended,
From an azure sky descended,
Gracious pity cheer'd his sight!
"Know, she said, and cease to languish,
"Heav'n afflicts with transient anguish,
"Hearts that sacred bonds unite,
"But to render
"Bliss more tender
"In eternal scenes of light."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.
PARADOX.

FOUR people sat down in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day.
Could you think, when you're told as thus they all sat,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet;
Yet when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Though none of them lost to the amount of a penny.
[A Solution is requested.]

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 27, 1805.

Fifty-nine Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 20th inst.

A letter received in this city from a respectable gentleman at Detroit, dated 24th of June, states, that "the Sac Indians and Ojowans have sent in their chiefs to the council at Malden.—They are spreading the war belt in every direction—their object is war with the Osages on the Mississippi. They applied for the assistance of the Hurons, who answered, that they were in treaty of peace (made at Greenville) with the U. States; that they had buried the hatchet, and would not take it up again. The Secs and Ojowans replied, "We shall then know how to treat you when we come forward." The Osages, it is said, will claim the protection of West Louisiana; and it is believed, that the United States will be involved in the war. The troops ought to be returned to this place, and the fortifications strengthened. We are, indeed, in a miserable situation for defence—the citadel in ashes, the fort deserted, and only a few straggling soldiers about the ship yards."

The letter, from which the above intelligence was taken, contains a description of the sufferings to which the inhabitants of Detroit have been reduced by the late conflagration of their village. "About ninety families," says the letter, "are left without a roof to shelter them; with the ground for their bed, and the heavens for their canopy—yet we are not in despair; a spirit of industry appears again to pervade all ranks, and I hope that, by the assistance that will be obtained from the affluent, Detroit will flourish again."

The inhabitants have appointed a committee to estimate the damages, and to solicit and receive contributions for the relief of their unfortunate town.

On Monday, a man by the name of Durant, for a wager of fifty dollars, sailed from the Fly-market wharf, to and from Brooklyn, in a small ship of only seven feet in length, of his own construction, and completely rigged by himself. Besides the man, this little vessel had upwards of fifty pounds of ballast. The man was placed midship, and had tiller ropes round his arm to steer by. The wind being fresh from the southward, the sails of the little ship were all filled; and, with her streamers flying made a handsome appearance. The novelty of the circumstance drew crowds of people to the wharves.

ALEXANDRIA, July 18.

Yesterday afternoon four persons were killed by lightning on board a small vessel in Occaquan Creek, near the mills—one of them belonging to this town, Mr. Isaac Janney; two other resided at and near the mills, Mr. Robert Lindsay and Beckwith Koester; the fourth was a black man. We understand, just as the vessel was getting under way, they stepped on board to sail about two miles for pleasure, and had not been there more than five minutes before they met their untimely end.

Norfolk, July 18.—During a violent thunder-storm on Monday last, the house of Mr. Christopher Stedman, an inhabitant of York county, was struck by lightning, which instantly set it on fire, and before any assistance could be had, was with the whole of the furniture, entirely consumed; the loss is estimated at 3000 dollars.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAPPY the pair whom love and reason join,
Where virtue sanctifies the band divine;
To them a paradise on earth is given,
And when from time they go, they rest in Heav'n.

MARRIED.

On Saturday Evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. James Stewart, to Miss Esther Barnett, both of this city.

At St. Croix, on the 26th June, Mr. Joseph Springham, of the firm of Cadie and Springham, of this city, to Miss Ann Straneger, of that Island.

On Sunday the 30th ult, at New-Castle, (Del) by the Rev. Robert Clay, Doctor of Emanuel, Mr. Richard Phepoe, of New-York, to Mrs. Elizabeth Hartung, of Philadelphia.

MORTALITY.

"COLD—lifeless—dead—a senseless clod—
To death's chill grasp an early prey;
Frail as the tenants of the sod
Which shrouds thee from the face of day."

DIED,

On Monday last, after a short illness, Mrs. CATHARINE AMELIA CRAIG, wife of William Craig, merchant, of this city, and daughter of the late Dr. Richard Bailey.

Same day, of an apoplectic fit, Capt. WILLIAM LORING, of this city.

At Greenwich, on Saturday last, in the 29th year of her age, Mrs. CATHARINE A. BUTT, consort of Mr. Thomas Butt, merchant, of Savannah, a most amiable woman, has left a disconsolate husband and numerous acquaintance to lament her loss.

At Philadelphia, of a dropsical complaint, BENJAMIN CATCHALL, an ancient inhabitant of that city, and a respectable member of the Society of Friends.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No 207, WATER-STREET,

FIVE DOORS EAST OF BEEKMAN-SLIP.

G. SINCLAIR respectfully solicits the patronage, of his friends, and the public, to his Circulating Library.

The collection now offered, (of Novels only) though small is well chosen; and to which if encouragement offers, additions will be made, of new Books of Merit, as soon as they appear. Catalogues delivered gratis.

For sale as above a handsome assortment of Books and Stationery. March 23 1805.

Just received,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE BEST
RHEUMATIC OINTMENT.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

An elegant edition of the DEATH OF ABEL, in five books, from the German of Gellert, with a beautiful likeness of the Author.

TO PRINTERS

A Font of Long-Primer, about half worn, for sale at this office, cheap for cash.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

A large supply of the best Holland QUIL by the thousand, hundred or quarter.

COURT OF APOLLO.

A BALLAD, ON MONEY.

BY DIBDIN.

Oh money! thou master of all things below,
Of each chain thou'rt the principal link:
What can purchase a friend, or can buy off a foe,
Or make black appear—like the chink?

Your lawyers, physicians, in short every tribe,
Who to eat dip the pen in their ink,
Would they write, or advise, consult or prescribe,
Were it not for the sake of the chink?

Of men and of women, high, low, great & small,
'Tis the life, 'tis victuals, the drink;
'Tis a good universal acknowledg'd—all, all
Revive at the found of the chink.

No more talk of Cupid, for thine far above,
His power to nothing can sink;
I don't to distraction—could have her I love,
Alack! it's had but the chink,

Addressed to an Officer in the Army,

BY A LADY.

O that the Muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good fence!
His temporal field, so cautious not to loose!
So careless quite of his eternal foes.
Soldier! to tender of thy Prince's fame,
Why to profane of a superior name?
For the King's sake the brunt of battles bear;
But, for the King of Kings' sake, do not swear.

WHEN Archbishop Leighton was asked why he did not preach on the political sentiments of the times, as all the rest of his brethren did, he answered, "that if all the rest of the brethren preached on time, then surely one poor brother might preach on eternity."

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver street, four doors from William street.

CLEANS and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel hair shawls cleaned and enlarged. He has also erected a HOT CALLENDER. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and collared, and Blankets scoured. Best Hanging BLUE upon Cotton and Linen; Dyer Stuffs for sale.

June 1, 1805

856. 17.

NOTICE.

The creditors of John Old, and Gilbert Purdy, insolvent debtors, confined in the goal of the county of Bergen, are hereby notified that the judges of the inferior Court of Common Pleas of said county, have appointed to meet at the Court House in New-Bardonia in said county, on the twenty ninth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to hear what can be alleged for or against the liberation of the said debtors, pursuant to the laws of New Jersey in such case made and provided, and agreeable to the petition of the said insolvents.

JOHN OLD,
GILBERT PURDY.

County Goal, June 17, 1805.

859. 61.

MORALIST.

HOSPITALITY.

HOSPITALITY is one of the first christian duties. The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow creatures. The greatest stranger in this world was he that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us.

TUITION.

THE Subscriber takes the liberty to inform the public, that he has taken that large, airy room over Mr. Townly's church, in Warren Street, lately occupied by Mr. Jacob Kuchell, where he has commenced teaching. He will teach the English and Latin languages grammatically, together with Bookkeeping, Surveying, Navigation, Geography, and the Use of the Globes, Architecture, Mensuration, &c. &c. His long practice, and the great success he has met with in the line of his profession, of which he has ample testimonials, induces him to flatter himself, he will meet with very liberal patronage.

UZAL W FREEMAN.

This may certify, that I have been acquainted with Mr. U. W. Freeman for a number of years, and know him to be every way qualified for a teacher; and I do freely and earnestly recommend him to the patronage of all my friends in this city.

JACOB KITCHELL.

July 27, 1805.

864. 16.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Rose, No 114 Broad-way opposite the City Hotel.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted & cotton Garters.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 81. each.

Smith's Chemical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that add all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, as. per square.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s. and 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose 2s. and 6d.

Smith's favoyette royal paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s and 8s per pot do. paste.

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